

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Every Friday 1½d.

WHO WILL LEAD US BACK TO GALILEE?

The Plain and Simple Way to End the Troubles of the World

THIS SOLEMN TIME

To every corner of this troubled earth is coming the thought of Peace.

The hush of Christmas falls on a world still suffering from the sins of men, but with this solemn time there comes the glow of hope for all mankind.

One way there is to heal the sorrows of this world, to smooth out its rough places, to make light its heavy burdens. Let us, those millions of us who will hold this paper in their hands, listen to the truth that rings from Heaven itself.

What the World Was

Let there be no mistake about it—the vast multitude of ordinary people can save this world from its miseries and make it once again a happy place. Remember what it was, and think of what it is.

It was, with all the dark corners in it, a world in which honest people could find happiness, and hungry children could find food. We could travel through it in security. We could spend our money and feel that we were getting honest value for it. We could work for wages and feel the dignity of labour. We could make a garden and feel that it was a little paradise. We could count it one of our joys that our country stood high among the nations. We knew that somewhere was a generous heart for every cry of pain.

What the World Is

But how are the mighty fallen! The Great War has come, and we had thought it gone; but it never will be gone as long as we remain on earth. Its mark is deep in the life of all nations. Millions of men lie dead. They fought for better days, and to them is denied the sight of the stricken lands they leave. We have food enough in this land of ours, but of millions of those who fought and fell it is true that their children are hungry and starving to death. Right across Europe spreads a line of little children crying for bread, of mothers who cannot be comforted, of homes that shiver with cold. The splendour of great cities is departed, the power of nations is broken, and human strength is all without avail.

Such the world was; such the world is. *The punishment of the sins of the fathers is greater than the children can bear.*

And now there dawns upon the earth once more the glory of the Light of the World.

The time draws near the birth of Christ, and every wise mind knows that this sad world will be happy once again when it listens

are right and good and fair from man to man, they will think on these things; if they will believe in peace and pursue it; if they will hold up chivalry and follow it where it leads, they will lift this world on to a rock of happi-



The Hero of Christmas, found by His Mother in the Temple
From the painting by Holman Hunt, now hanging in Birmingham Art Gallery

to the things He said. Our flag flies over Bethlehem; our hearts must beat in Galilee.

One way there is to make this old world new. We have to surrender to the Hero of Christmas; we have to live His way, and speak His way, and work His way.

If every House of Parliament would take His advice, if every newspaper editor would do His will, if all the rulers of nations would obey His law, if every master and man would listen to Him, if every door would open to Him, earth would be a paradise, and we should be all comrades.

This is the first Christmas of the Children's Newspaper, and it appeals to all our grown-up papers to let His golden rule be theirs. They can save this world. If they will seal their columns tight against all selfishness, against all ignorance and hate; if, believing in whatsoever things

ness, and build up a Kingdom of Righteousness in which all other things shall be added unto us.

Men have made a great mystery of religion, but the things that Jesus said are plain for us all. The thought of God as a Father, of mankind as a Brotherhood, is so simple that a child may grasp it. Jesus came into the world to draw us together as one family, to give us strength to resist evil and a passion to do good. He came to bring sympathy and love into the world.

Had Jesus left a mystery for the world He would not have left it to the care of twelve plain men; but Jesus sowed His seed in the world's highway, and left His message with the common folk. Through the common folk His watchwords have come down to us, and they stand today, after 1900 years, as the great foundations of a happy world.

THE WATCHWORDS

WHAT is it they say, these watchwords that come to us from Galilee, these signposts that point us on to better days?

We must be comrades:

Bear ye one another's burdens.

We must have clean hands:

He that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger.

We must have sympathy:

Pure religion and undefiled is this, to visit the fatherless and widows.

We must be forgiving:

Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.

We must be just:

The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

We must be industrious:

Go to the ant, thou sluggard.

We must be chivalrous:

What ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them.

We must love one another:

Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long and is kind, charity envieth not, charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

Charity beareth all things, hopeth all things. Charity never faileth.

The Hope of the Nations

We love our country, we love her more and more for the victory she has brought us from the Valley of the Shadow; but they love their country most who would have her "act the noblest, feel the best."

Not back to 1914, but Back to Galilee, is the watchword for this world. If Russia will follow it, peace will come to her. If America will follow it, she will find herself a comrade in the brotherhood of men. If those fallen nations will follow it, they will rise again redeemed. If France will follow it, she will live to the height of her matchless opportunity. If Italy will follow it, she will put her enemies under her feet. If all these smaller nations will follow it, they will live to be great indeed.

And if we will follow it, we shall ride through this New Year now coming with all the shadows past; and we shall lead the world once more as in the days of old, in ancient ways but with new strength, to glory nobler yet.

ARTHUR MEE

ARE WE GOING DUMB?

The Red-Legged Scissor Man Talks

A CHRISTMAS PROBLEM FOR OUR RACE

By Our Correspondent in Wonderland

SHOCKHEADED Peter sat down in the chair, and the Red-Legged Scissor Man shook out his linen sheet.

"Hair cut or manicure?" he asked.

"Both," replied Peter.

"A mowing machine for your head and an axe for your finger-nails," growled the R.L.S.M., flinging the sheet round Peter and stuffing the ends down the back of his neck viciously.

"As you please," yawned Peter.

"I suppose you don't want too much off?" inquired the barber, with a sneer, seizing his long scissors with one hand and gripping Peter's hair with the other.

Startling News

"So long as you leave enough for people to recognise me by," answered Peter, "I don't care what you do."

"Beautiful day," said the barber, fingering the terrible locks gingerly.

"Is it?" asked Peter.

"Well, it would be if it wasn't for the weather," snapped the barber, beginning to snip.

"I suppose it would," replied Peter.

"Have you heard," asked the barber, "that the English people are going dumb?"

"No," said Peter.

"Oh, yes; that's the latest," said the barber. "I was reading an article about it the other day."

"Let's hear it," quoth Peter.

"Well," said the barber, "it appears that the English people have got tired of the human voice. They don't like talkative persons. When they're asked a question they just grunt. It's more than they can do to frame a polite sentence."

"I sympathise with them," said Peter.

Dumb Dogs in the Train

"When they want amusement," continued the barber, "they don't go to hear a play by Shakespeare or Sheridan; they go to see the pictures. They love the pictures because nobody ever says a word. They see a story instead of listening to it. And from all I hear they are keeping away from churches because they don't like the fatigue of listening to a clergyman's voice."

"Well, I never!" smiled Peter.

"And when they go a journey by train," continued the barber, "they bury their noses in the papers, and never say one word from King's Cross to Edinburgh, or from Penzance to Plymouth."

"Dumb dogs!" said Peter, wriggling under a jab from the barber's scissors.

What the Tongue is For

"Well," said the Red-Legged Man, "it's estimated that the whole nation will have lost the art of speech in five hundred years. I shouldn't be surprised if that is an accurate prophecy. And to my way of thinking it's a tragedy."

"It would be," said Peter.

"What is the tongue for?" inquired the barber.

"Tasting jam," answered Peter.

"And what is more interesting," continued the barber, "than a bright and animated conversation?"

"Especially when it's one-sided," commented Peter.

"Now, if I were an English father,"

said the Red-Legged Man, laying down his scissors and taking up a pair of brushes, "I should encourage my children to express their thoughts in eloquent English, for there's no exercise in the world so good for the brain as quickness, clearness, and vigour of speech."

"But if the brain's tired," said Peter, "it doesn't want to take exercise. It wants to be let alone. It wants to sit down and do nothing."

"That's where you're wrong," said the barber. "The brain gets tired for want of exercise, not because of exercise. That's the whole point."

"Is it?" yawned Peter.

"The whole point," replied the barber, brushing Peter's hair so violently

The Unseen Friend

Thousands of soldiers in the Great War believed that, in the solemn hour of some great crisis, an Unseen Friend stood by; and history will for ever record the story of the Angels of Mons.

Now, from the great White World around the South Pole, comes another vision of an Unseen Presence. We quote these striking words from Sir Ernest Shackleton's great book "South," published by Mr. Heinemann.

When I look back at those days I have no doubt that Providence guided us, not only across those snowfields, but across the storm-white sea that separated Elephant Island from our landing-place.

I know that during that long and racking march of 36 hours over the unnamed mountains and glaciers of South Georgia it seemed to me often that we were four, not three.

I said nothing to my companions on the point, but afterwards Worsley said to me, "Boss, I had a curious feeling on that march that there was another person with us."

that his head was almost knocked off his shoulders.

When this operation was concluded, the barber dosed Peter's head with oil, and continued his conversation.

"You're half an Englishman yourself," he said. "You're just the sort to sit sucking sweets all the afternoon at a cinema, taking no interest in the real things of life, and only grunting when you're spoken to. If you aren't careful you'll be dumb in ten years."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Peter.

"Why don't you rouse yourself?" said the barber. "I thought you had brain enough not to want to go dumb."

Talk Helps the Brain

"I don't want to be dumb," said Peter, "but I should like other people to be dumb, particularly hair-cutters."

"That's why you so seldom come my way!" snapped the barber.

"That's it," said Peter.

"You prefer to let your hair grow into a forest, and your finger-nails into claws, than to listen to a little intellectual conversation."

"Right again," said Peter.

"Well," said the barber, "let me tell you this: Every time you get the chance of a bright talk and don't take it, you're losing an opportunity to improve your brain. Conversation is one of the arts, and if conversation goes out of fashion the brain will suffer. Look at the French. They are quick in the uptake, sharp as a needle, and bright as a button. Why? Because they're always talking."

"I never thought of that," said Peter.

DARK NIGHT ADVENTURE

Boy Who Went Down a Well

HOW A DOG WAS SAVED BY HIS LITTLE MASTER

This story of how a ten-year-old boy rescued a dog from a well is sent us by the boy himself—little Stanley Widdows, of Bradfield, near Reading.

One very dark night, our little spaniel puppy, in his excitement to be loose with Daddy while he was busy doing odd jobs outside the house with a lantern, ran across the top of the well as it was opened, and fell in.

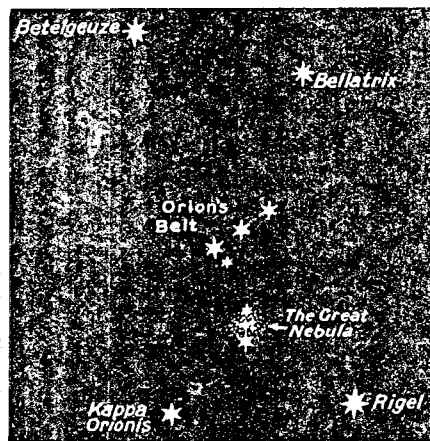
Daddy called for a candle, and, looking down, could just see him swimming.

As there was no one strong enough to let Daddy down, I said "I will go down the well, Daddy."

So we put a stick through the hook at the end of the chain, and I sat on it, and Daddy let me down till I could grab the puppy. When I got him on my lap I shouted, "Pull up, Daddy; I've got him."

He is a pretty pup, just three months old, and I cycled nine miles each way to fetch him when we first had him. We could not let him drown, for we all love him. People say I ought to send and tell you this.

And the people are right. Our congratulations to Stanley, V.C.



Orion's Belt. See next column

WHAT A WAR CORRESPONDENT HAS SEEN

A well-known author writes:

I want to tell something to the children of Great Britain which has just been told to me by a famous war correspondent home from Vienna.

"The saddest sight I saw," he said to me, "was in a hospital for children. The Viennese have had insufficient food for years, and it is no exaggeration to say that thousands of these children have no bones. They lie in hospital wards till they die."

"I stood in one of these wards and looked down on a child whose little hands were crossed over his breast. The doctor stooped down, lifted the little shrunken hands, and there was an impression of the hands on the child's little body. Even the weight of the hands was more than he could bear."

Let every child deny himself something at the table, and raise his voice in the home and in the school for the cause of mercy to the children of these starving countries. It has always been the glory of Great Britain that the sufferings of children have moved her more deeply than anything else.

Let us feed these starving and innocent little ones in Central Europe, lest we are choked by our own plenty.

God's will be done, on earth, as it is in Heaven.

GLORY OF ORION

LARGEST VISIBLE SUN IN THE UNIVERSE

Equal to Thousands of Millions of Earths

MIND BEYOND THE STARS

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

It is to the east that we look now to find the chief glories of the heavens, and there we see rising many resplendent orbs. Follow them in thought as well as with your eyes, and they will lead you to the Infinite Source of all things, as of old the Star in the East led the three wise men to Bethlehem.

About eight o'clock at night can be seen, between the Hyades and the eastern horizon, the magnificent Orion, the most brilliant constellation of stars in the firmament. Our star map shows the striking arrangement of the chief stars of Orion, the three forming a line in the centre representing his famous Belt.

Light on Its Way for Centuries

First let us deal with Betelgeuze. This sparkling sun, whose red flashes rival Aldebaran's, stands alone, very much nearer to us than the rest of Orion's gems; yet his light takes 100 years to reach us. This means that he is seven million times farther off than our own sun.

Far off though this seems, this sun is close compared with the immensity of space that lies between Betelgeuze and the great family of Orion's stars, which are at least four times as far away from us, for light takes 466 years to reach us from the colossal Rigel.

This brilliant white sun is, with one exception, the largest known sun in the universe, far exceeding all others that we can see. Its brightness is 22,000 times that of our own Sun, and it contains 20,000 times as much material.

Globes of Glowing Gas

Now, when we reflect that our great Sun contains 332,000 times as much matter as the Earth, we find that Rigel is equal to 6640 million Earths. He has a companion sun that revolves around him in 22 days, and both are receding from us at ten miles a second.

But still far beyond Rigel is Bellatrix, the three stars of the Orion Belt, and multitudes of others. These are known to be great globes of glowing gas, chiefly helium, with hydrogen, oxygen, silicon, magnesium, and nitrogen, with all of which we are familiar on Earth, where we see them combined with other elements in rock and air and water.

Supreme Wonder of the Universe

This brings us to the supreme wonder and most beautiful thing that we know of in the whole universe. It may be likened to a wonderful mirror which reflects the splendour of the heavens in all its varied forms and powers, reaching far beyond the limits of our vision.

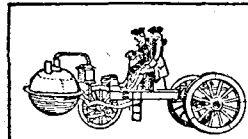
This mirror can neither be seen nor measured, yet it can bridge the vast void between star and star, and measure accurately not only the things of the present, but of the past, and even of the future, as, for instance, the recent eclipses, which it timed to the minute, years before they occurred.

This marvellous mirror is the human mind, which reflects in thought the beauty of the Earth and the glory of the heavens. It cannot be extracted from the rock of a planet or the flame of a sun; but, as finite energy comes from infinite energy, so the finite human mind comes from an infinitely greater Mind, the Mind of God, to Whom all is possible. G. F. M.

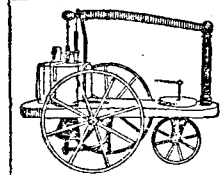
Pronunciations in this Paper

Aldebaran	Al-deb-ah-ran
Bellatrix	Bel-a-trix
Betelgeuze	Bet-el-gerz
Cugnot	Kyoon-yoh
Machiavelli	Mak-ee-ah-vel-lee
Mandamus	Man-day-mus
Mazout	Maz-oo
Orion	Oh-ri-on
Rigel	Ri-jel

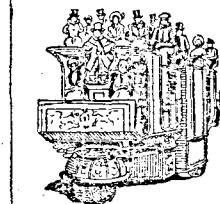
A PICTURE-HISTORY OF THE MOTOR LORRY



Cugnot's steam carriage, the first motor-car that ever really ran on the roads. 1769



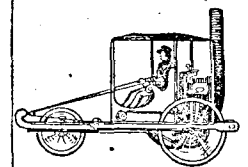
William Murdoch's steam vehicle, the first auto-car made in England. 1784



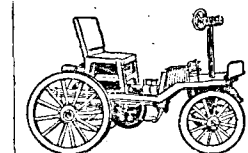
Formidable-looking steam car, more like a tank than a modern motor vehicle. 1832



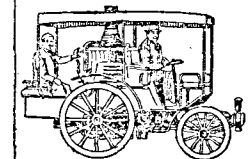
Gurney's famous steam carriage, built in England, which ran very successfully. 1833



Curious American steam car, which was steered by reins, like a horse vehicle. 1845



The first petrol motor-car ever built, which ran in Vienna. The engine had been built 15 years earlier. 1875



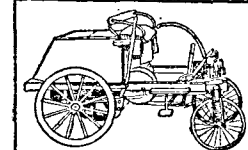
A French steam carriage, the ancestor of the famous De Dion Bouton cars of today. 1885



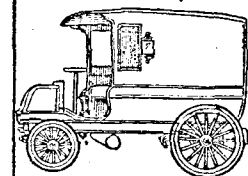
An early German gas-driven car, which ran very successfully in the streets of Mannheim. 1888



A motor-car built in London, the first commercially successful car driven by electricity. 1888



The first British built, oil-driven car. Shown at the Motor Exhibition 23 years ago. 1896



The first commercial delivery motor-van, which ran in the streets of New York. 1898



A modern powerful motor-lorry of the very latest type. 1919

The greatest achievement in traction since George Stephenson's time is the perfecting of the motor-lorry, which is bringing back the old life of the roads. Here we see the various stages by which the motor-waggon has come to us.

DAYLIGHT BY NIGHT

A Camouflage Invention

One of the most interesting inventions of recent times is being developed by the joint efforts of Mr. George Sheringham, the artist, Major Klein, and Mr. L. C. Martin, of the Experimental Department of the Camouflage School. Together they have shown how it is possible to have daylight at night.

Hitherto night has prevented many things from being properly seen, and so prevented much work that needs daylight from being properly done.

It has not been possible, for instance, to judge colours by artificial light, and so painting pictures, dyeing, colour printing, and photography had to wait for daylight. But now Mr. Sheringham is painting in full colours by a camouflaged daylight.

A bright electric light is thrown on a screen on which colours are so mixed that the light has the same effects as daylight, and a room can be filled with this daylight.

The discovery is not entirely new, but it seems likely to be the first practical development of the kind.

THE HORSE ON THE ROAD

A Country Problem

The question of the country's roads is being talked of, partly owing to the need of more transport and greater use of motor-cars for business of all kinds.

Concrete roads are suggested as being enduring, clean, and smooth; but Mr. Walter Winans, the sporting millionaire and a great authority on horses, points out that concrete roads would ruin the legs and feet of horses because of their jarring hardness.

The fact is that roads which suit mechanical traffic do not suit horses. The horse needs a fairly soft road, and such a road is bound to be dirty at times, and expensive in cleaning and repairs.

In nearly all practical questions a balance has to be made between advantages and drawbacks, and that is a principle which every thoughtful citizen should remember.

THE MINER'S PEACHES

A True Tale of a Shop

How many true stories could be told, one wonders, like this true one?

A miner's wife asked her grocer the price of peaches, and he answered, "Three-and-sixpence a tin."

"Well, I'll take six," she said.

"Can't open them, ma'am—you surely don't mean six tins, do you?"

"Why, how many have you?"

"Seven tins."

"Oh, well, I may as well take the lot. Seven tins, please."

"But you surely don't want that quantity at 3s. 6d. a tin these times?"

"Why not?" she said. "There are ten of us, so they won't go far. You see, I've over £17 a week coming in, and that takes a bit of getting rid of!"

POWER OF ANCIENT WAYS

Law of the "Fastening Penny"

A great deal of good English common law has never been printed in Acts of Parliament. It is custom, fixed by what people have been doing for centuries.

A case was heard lately in Lincolnshire concerning a farm labourer who engaged himself to a farmer for a year, and, according to ancient custom, took from him a "fastening penny," which was the old way of clinching a bargain before written agreements were used.

The labourer broke his engagement, taking no notice of the "fastening penny"; but the judge decided that the labourer was wrong, and that the custom made the engagement binding.

The giving of a shilling to a recruit when he enlisted in the Army was another form of the "fastening penny."

FLYING LIKE A BIRD

And Swimming Like a Fish

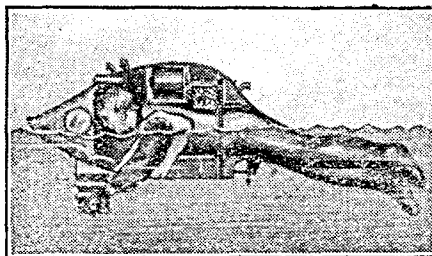
INVENTOR'S ONE-MAN SUBMARINE

We can now fly in the air like a bird, and it is suggested that we shall soon be able to live in the water like a fish. An inventor in America, Mr. W. R. Barringer, has just taken out a patent for a device to enable a man to exist under water in a new sort of submarine.

The purposes for which it was invented were for life-saving at sea and for examining conditions under water without having to use the very complicated and expensive apparatus necessary for the present methods of diving.

The body of the outfit consists of a metal box made so that it can be slipped over the head and body of the person using it. The man then puts his arms and legs in a flexible casing.

The whole arrangement can be used for swimming purposes, and air is provided so that the man can remain under



The One-Man Submarine

water for a considerable time. On the other hand, it can also be driven by an electric motor, which is seen just above the shoulders in the picture, and also by compressed air, which is stored in a tank shown under the left arm. The man can see where he is going through the window-box—the circle in front of his eyes.

When the boat is on the top of the water, the concertina-like arrangement which he is seen to be holding is full of air from the compressed-air tank. This keeps the man and the machine afloat, but when he wants to dive he closes the concertina and drives out the air from it, and the boat then sinks.

PADEREWSKI ON A STAMP

First Musician Ruler

One of the new stamps of Poland bears a portrait that will be familiar to music-lovers all over the world—that of Paderewski, the President of the new Polish Republic.

The miniature photograph of the famous pianist and composer is quite a good one, the well-known shock of hair being unmistakable. Although a number of authors and poets have been portrayed on postage stamps, this is the first time a musician has been so honoured.

THE TELEPHONE AGAIN

Who will introduce the Post Office to its customers? A London newspaper the other day rang up Telephone Enquiries for the number of a Maidstone tradesman, and was informed that nobody of his name was on the telephone.

As the matter was urgent, somebody went down to Maidstone—to find that the tradesman has been on the telephone thirty years. It seems a pity that the Post Office does not know.

OIL IN SCOTLAND

The engineering firm that discovered oil in Derbyshire some months ago has now been successful in finding oil in Scotland, at West Calder.

Only small quantities have been found, but the depth of the bore is as yet comparatively small. The soil is shale, which often carries a quantity of oil.

THE WANDERING HORSES

Back Above the Square of San Marco

TRAVELLERS OF FOUR CITIES

The four most famous sculptured horses in the world, cast in metal, are back once more looking over the great square in Venice from above the wonderful doorway of St. Mark's Cathedral.

Never have works of art had stranger wanderings. The horses are supposed to have been made at Rome on Greek models nearly 2000 years ago. They were taken to Constantinople when it was the Christian capital of the world.

Thence they were brought to Venice when it was the world's commercial capital. Napoleon coveted and stole them when his army conquered Italy, and by him they were transferred to Paris. Following his downfall, they were returned to Venice.

As the Austrians, during the war, began to bomb Venice, the horses were removed for safety to the Venetian Palace in Rome, so that they have added another chapter to their frequent wanderings.

Now, once more, they are back in Venice, prancing above the lovely piazza where travellers from all the world feed on their hands the tame Venetian pigeons.

After the bronze horses had been replaced in their old position, the inhabitants of Venice crowded into the cathedral for a thanksgiving service.

SNAKE ALIVE!

Caught by a Fish and a Man

An angler fishing in the Murray River, Australia, has had an extraordinary experience, probably unmatched in the records of sport.

He hooked a 20 lb. cod, voracious beyond all its kind, for on being opened it was found to contain a four-foot-long brown snake; and yet the greedy fish wanted more.

But the strangest part of the adventure was that the snake was still alive. Indeed, it was so much alive that it bit the astonished angler who rescued it so badly that only the immediate attention given by a doctor saved his life.

PAPER MONEY

Countries and Their Millions

The paper money in circulation in the world is between four and five thousand million pounds, and nearly all of it is due to the war.

Germany has most, with 1500 millions; France has 1400 millions; America, 500 millions; Italy, 370 millions; and Great Britain, 340 millions.

Then comes Spain with 143 millions, Japan with 106 millions, and all other countries are well under 100 millions.

SHARING THE BURDEN

The Empire's Common Purse

An Australian M.P., Mr. W. A. Watt, suggests that all parts of the British Empire should join and make their war debts one, so that the burden of the debt, in interest, expenses and repayment, should be alike everywhere.

The debt would then be £7,584,000,000. Mr. Watt thinks that by uniting the Mother Country with all the Dominions, money would be borrowed more cheaply and expenses would be lessened.

The common purse would equalise the sacrifice, and would be a lasting bond between those who fought as comrades.

CHIEF SCOUT'S COLUMN

LETTER TO SCOUTS AND GUIDES

The Boys Who Kept the Watch

TROUBLES ON THE ROAD TO SUCCESS

By Sir Robert Baden Powell

I expect most of you boys and girls know that at the beginning of the Great War, when every available man was wanted, the Scouts took over the duty of watching the coast, so that the coast-guardsmen were able to go to sea again.

They kept up this duty without a break all through the war, in good weather and hard weather alike, going through a weary and monotonous round and sticking to it, not for a night or two, but night after night, week after week, month after month, year after year.

When I used to go round to inspect them I often thought, "Well, these lads have the true grit in them—they will get on in life": and so they will, for the main road to success in whatever you take up is the power to endure, and to keep on keeping on.

Night Will Follow Day

When you get into your first job you are bound to find disappointments there. You will probably have pictured to yourself the sunny side of it, and will find that it has its dark sides as well. Night is bound to come as well as day, as cloud comes with sunshine; but you would think anyone a fool if he killed himself because it began to rain.

In your job you may find the work harder than you thought—perhaps the pay less, the holidays rare, your employer anything but understanding, and so on. You will want to "chuck it up."

My advice to you is *Don't*. Take hold of yourself: grit your teeth and go on.

How was it that recruits for the Army in the old days before the war used to desert in large numbers? The reason was easy to see. They came into the Army with the idea of wearing a red coat and walking about the town.

When they got down to it they found that life in the Army, at any rate for the first year or two, meant a weary grind in the barrack square, with drill upon drill, in coarse canvas clothes. Then the weaker of them lost heart and gave it up.

Be Ready for the Worst

Sailors go to sea for a roving life across the blue ocean on a sunny deck, to see Moorish cities and palm trees on coral islands; but the first step towards it is coaling at grimy docks, and the start to sea with dirty weather in the Channel, greasy slippery decks, sea sickness, and horrid food.

You have to take the fat with the lean in this life—whether in your job, your school, or your home. The main point is to *Be Prepared* for it and to take it all, especially the worst of it, with a smile on.

Don't forget, too, that God is there to help you through bad times if you look to Him.

You will find that, when things look bad for you, if you stick to it like a man instead of chucking it like a noodle, you are bound to make a success of your life.

A Happy Christmas to You

Christmas is coming—and I wish every one of you a happy Christmas. But don't forget that it is up to every one of you to make it happy for yourself, because the only real happiness comes when you have done your best to make somebody else happy. So, if you want to enjoy Christmas, think out some "good turn," and do it—and your Christmas will be twice as jolly.

Good luck to you all!

NEWS FROM ZOOS

STRANGE DEFENCE OF A LIZARD

Birds That Will Not Leave Their Cage

DOGS THAT GO A-HUNTING

By Our Zoological Correspondents

London Zoo

Among the new reptiles that have arrived are two-horned toads, or horned lizards. They are quite harmless, but when annoyed have the remarkable habit of ejecting jets of blood from their eyes for a distance of as much as fifteen inches. They come from the southern part of the United States and Mexico, and have a covering of spines all over their bodies, those on the back of the head being of considerable length.

BIRDS THAT RUN BEFORE THEY WALK

Some interesting birds, an Australian crested pigeon and some Californian quails, have been bred at the Gardens.

The pigeon is a small species decorated with green and purple bars on the wings.

Some time back the Zoological Society liberated a number of these birds from their aviaries, hoping they would become established in a state of freedom. The experiment, however, did not prove successful, as the birds had become so attached to their old home that they returned to their cage.

The Californian quail is a small bird about half the size of our partridge. Both male and female possess a curious upstanding crest upon the head, though the cock bird's is much bigger than its mate's. The young are extremely active, and, according to a well-known writer, "they shoot along like clockwork mice, and really do begin to run before they can walk, for they will try to get on the move before their down is dry."

DOGS THAT HUNT IN PACKS

It is some time since the Zoo possessed an African hunting-dog, but the gap has been filled by the arrival of a new one.

Frequently spoken of as hyena dogs, because their colouring and markings resemble that of the hyena, these long-legged and fleet-footed creatures associate in packs that occasionally number as many as sixty individuals. Their chief prey consists of antelopes, for which they hunt in a systematic manner, members of the pack relieving one another during the chase, so that the leaders, when tired, may fall to the rear and rest, while others go forward and take their places.

BAMBOO FOR LUNCH

The two pandas that have lately arrived are creating much interest.

The panda, known also as the cat-bear, comes from the Himalayas. It is a beautiful creature, the colour of its thick fur ranging from a rich chestnut-red almost to black, while its bushy tail is decorated with alternate light and dark-red bands. Although belonging to the flesh-eating order, the panda lives chiefly on fruit and leaves, the tender shoots of the bamboo canes being specially favoured. The creature is not often seen in captivity, for, owing to its intolerance of heat, it is difficult to get it to the Indian coast.

Bristol Zoo

NEW TENANTS FOR EMPTY HOUSES

The Bristol Zoological Gardens have been sadly depleted during the war, but some new animals have now arrived.

Two handsome young cheetahs and a lioness have filled up some of the empty space in the Lion Houses.

A beautiful pair of ostriches have also come to live close to the kangaroos.

A pair of pelicans have an enclosure and pond to themselves. They seem quite at home already, and are always looking out for their daily meal of fish.

The seal tank, which has been empty for over three years, is fortunate enough to have a new and unexpected occupant in the shape of a very fine seal, which was secured near Newport. We hope another will soon keep him company.

THE MAN A BOY LOVES

END OF A LIFE OF GREAT DEEDS

Sir Evelyn Wood and the First V.C.

THE PERFECT SOLDIER KNIGHT

One of the noblest and bravest Englishmen passed away when Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood died with these words on his lips: "My God, my King, my country."

What is it makes a true hero? He must be brave, and must show his bravery unselfishly. That is the first stage.



Sir Evelyn Wood

If he is also kind, considerate, and good through and through, so that all who know him trust and love as well as admire him, that is the second stage, and he comes near to being a great hero.

Such a hero was Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., whose life, now closed, links us with the Crimean War, and covers the whole period of the history of the Victoria Cross.

When, during the Crimean War, the Victoria Cross was issued, to be given only to the bravest of the brave, the first name on the first list was that of Evelyn Wood, a midshipman fighting ashore in the Naval Brigade; but when the list was finally made up Evelyn Wood had left the Navy, and joined a cavalry regiment bound for India, so that his name, though first, was struck out—a sad example of red tape in those days.

That mattered little, however, for he had not been long in India before, charging superior forces of mutineers with great daring, he won the Cross, again, and this time received it. When he died he had worn the Cross for 59 years.

In the next quarter of a century he served his country in Ashanti, Zululand, the Transvaal, and Egypt, where he became the Sirdar, and later he held high commands at home, training the troops and improving the conditions under which they lived in peace and war.

Last Words

Had it not been for his growing deafness, he would have had service on a wider scale in his later years, for he was a fine soldier. But he was a greater man.

Evelyn Wood had the spirit of one of the most perfect knights of old. Brave, generous, simple, frank, healthy-minded, "he nothing common did, or mean," and it was natural that almost the last words uttered by him before he died were, "My God, my King, my country," for his service of all had been faithful from first to last.

We shall never have any need to ask, "Scands Britain where she did?" as long as she has youths like Midshipman Evelyn Wood, growing up to be treble-tried and faithful heroes like Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood.

STORY OF 23 CENTURIES

Christmas Book of France

A HISTORY OF FRANCE. By H. E. Marshall, Hodder & Stoughton. 12s. net.

This simply written but graphic history of France covers about 2300 years, from the resistance of the Gauls to the Romans down to the eve of the Great War, when France renewed her youth.

The story is told in a series of slightly-connected chapters, each grouped round a historical character or a great movement, and it is an attractive and instructive story. Sixteen coloured pictures, by A. C. Michael, add to its air of romance. Any boy or girl reading this book will be able to recall and follow the main thread of the history of France.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

A ROMANTIC PRIME MINISTER

Barber Who Transformed the Labour World

DEAR CHARLES LAMB

Dec. 21. Benjamin Disraeli, born in London . 1804
22. George Eliot died at Chelsea 1880
23. Sir Richard Arkwright born at Preston . 1732
24. W. M. Thackeray died in London 1863
25. Birth of Jesus at Bethlehem B.C. 4
26. Thomas Gray, poet, born in London . . 1716
27. Charles Lamb died at Edmonton 1834

THE exact dates of the birth and Crucifixion of Jesus are not quite certainly known, but probably the year of His birth was 4 B.C., and the year of His trial before the Roman governor, and of His death on Calvary, was A.D. 29.

Benjamin Disraeli

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, who was in his later life Earl of Beaconsfield, Prime Minister of England, will always remain one of the most romantic figures of the nineteenth century.

His birth and education were disadvantageous. He was a Jew who picked up education anyhow, and was odd in appearance and showy in dress. No man so un-English has figured as largely in our history.

But he was clever, daring, ambitious, and he had the imagination of his race; and so, after beginning as a Radical, and a novelist who painted life in romantic but glaring colours, he became the leader and hero of the "gentlemen of England," and the populariser of the idea of Imperial British rule.

Richard Arkwright

RICHARD ARKWRIGHT, a Lancashire barber, made one of the greatest leaps from poverty to riches ever achieved by any Englishman when he invented the spinning jenny, which changed the whole system of British industry and brought in the factory system in place of household manufactures.

Arkwright was not an engineer; he began life as a barber. He could not make machinery himself, but he could think out how it should be made. So he became a partner with men who could make up his inventions.

For many years he and his partners were poor and unpopular, for the rich imitated and stole his inventions, and the working men hated his machines for doing the work men had done in the past.

Arkwright was always progressive, and he worked his machines first by horse-power, then by water-power, and at last by steam. When he died, aged sixty, he had made a fortune of half a million out of his inventions.

It is unfair to blame Richard Arkwright for the evils that grew up around the factory system; those evils sprang up from human greed. His inventions, properly used, lessen the burden of toil.

Charles Lamb

AMONG the English writers who will always be regarded as friends whom we know as well as if we had lived with them, Charles Lamb takes first place. And not only is he known, but he is loved.

He has told us all about himself in his "Essays of Elia," a book that stands apart from all other books in its quaintness, humour, delicacy, and pathos. And his friends have told us about his appearance, talk, and character. But his gentle, wayward, tender spirit flits elfishly through all his writings.

Born in the Temple in the romantic heart of London, he went to Christ's Hospital School till he was 14, and then became a clerk, and a clerk he remained till he retired on a pension.

His real life was spent in the company of his beloved books and his genial circle of friends, and in writing his inimitable works, all of which call aloud to be read.

His love for his poor sister Mary, whose mind was often unsettled, was pathetic.

He died in his sixtieth year, when he ought to have still been feeling young.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 20 1919

Let Us All Be Happy

Do you dream to lift your name
Higher than the flags of fame?
Many have outwitted Time
With a picture or a rhyme,
With a pyramid or bust
After they were scattered dust;
But, to leave this earth below,
And among immortals go,
Neither pomp nor wealth you
need,
Shouts of men, nor startling deed.
*The radiance of a happy face
Vibrates through all the choirs of
space.*

WHAT is Fame on little Earth?
Reach to Heaven with your
mirth!

Learn the Universal key,
Learn the Heavenly harmony,
Joy that tuned the thrush's throat,
Pied the peacock's flaunting coat,
Dimpled brooks and herbs above,
Made the nests and lambs and
love,
Sprinkled flowers on every sod
Like the signature of God.



*The radiance of a happy face
Vibrates through all the choirs of
space.*

LEARN to look for what is sweet
Even in the meanest street,
In the sunlight, or a look.
Learn to make your life a book
Where no bitter page is seen,
Nothing cruel nor unclean;
Where the wounds are bravely
hidden,
And the gallant smiles unhidden
Light your little world about,
Reach God's endless world
without.

For, whatever Wealth or Power
Men attain in Man's short hour,
None shall do a greater thing
Than the lowliest who bring
Into one dark place of earth
Courage, charity, and mirth.
*The radiance of a happy face
Vibrates through all the choirs of
space.*

HAROLD BEGBIE



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



Can British Columbia Help Us?

WE like the zeal and patriotism of the Agent General for British Columbia, Mr. F. C. Wade. He thinks that, as Mr. Ford can make a motor-car a minute, the British nation should be able to build a house without all this delay.

And if the British nation cannot, he thinks the British Empire could, and his thoughts fly out to those marvellous forests of British Columbia that he knows so well, with 650 million acres of virgin forest and 400,000 million feet of board.

It is all stupendous, and now that the Panama Canal has cut down the journey from British Columbia by 8000 miles, and as one ship can carry wood for 500 houses, it seems a pity that something cannot be done to find homes for our people to live in.

There is the material; here is the need. Where is the power that will bring them together?

Too Tight

OUR judges have a merry life—sometimes. A woman has been complaining to one of them that her dressmaker made a skirt so tight that it took ten minutes to take it off. It ought to take ten years to put it on.

He Was There

OF the great stories of the war there is no end. A new one is told by a school teacher who was out in France.

He told of seven men who were isolated during a battle, entirely cut off from all means of communication. They had to make up their minds what they would do.

One of them started whistling Harry Lauder's song, "Roaming in the Gloaming," and every man began to sing it. It brought back to them, we may be sure, the thought of home, and when they had finished they all decided that they would "carry on." They carried on, and every one came through.

"I know it is true," said the young teacher, who quietly told the tale the other day, "for I was there."

A Cloud of Witnesses

WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN draws slowly nearer to the bar of human justice, and we are told that the Allies have already examined more than fifty thousand written statements. Strange that the crime that overturned the world, the guilt that is clear to all mankind, should need such a cloud of witnesses.

Old Friends

IT is sad to say good-bye, and twice in her history London has said Good-bye to the old steam buses.

The first Good-bye was long ago, in 1840, when ten steam buses trundled through the streets, but went away again because the public was so mad on the new railways that it could not bother with buses, and nobody would put money into them.

The next Good-bye has just been said. Nearly twenty years ago the steam buses came into use again, and most of us have had a ride in them. They were too costly to work, however, and now they have stopped, giving way to the petrol bus, which carries all before it.

So new friends come and old friends go, and the world goes on for ever.

The Sunny Jims

EVERYTHING depends on how you look at things. Was the war worth while? Is life worth living? Is there anything to be glad about? It all depends on how you look at things.

We thank the Chaplain-General to the Forces for that thought this week. Everywhere, he says, in offices and workshops and schools, he finds side by side Dismal Jimmys and Sunny Jims, and he wants us to be Sunny Jims.

We will do our best. Will you?

Tip-Cat

SPIRITUALISM is said to be increasing. In these dull times people will do anything to raise their spirits.

A Christmas courtesy: The mistletoe bough.

A railway director: The signal post.



LAH-DI-DAH OPENS
THE DOOR
A door is not a weapon
of war

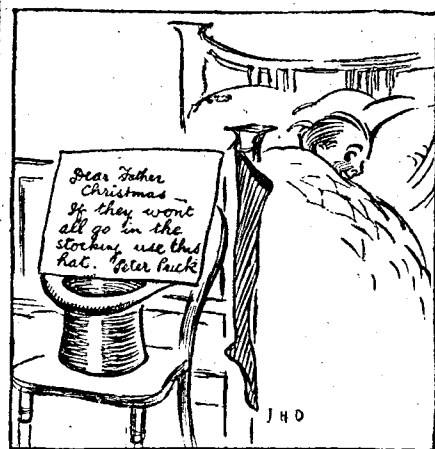
What threw the bees into great consternation? The W.A.A.C.s in their hive.

"A sea-lawyer is," in Justice Darling's opinion, "the worst kind of lawyer." Yet he is good enough in the main.

Heathens: Idlers.

If it is true that, as an expert says, "the walking habit grows on one," why do we waste money on tailors?

Judge Atherley Jones declares he has never travelled on the Tube, and never will. Such travelling is beneath him.



Peter Lies in Wait

A man who fell off a train is said to have slept afterwards for four years. In some Government offices they do better than that without falling off anything.

Education is a Wonderful Thing

I CHARGE what I like because I am no scholar," a grocer told a London magistrate. With a little education the little grocer might charge what is right and just.

Pleasant Things Just Done

AS Princess Mary was passing by an old inn in Fleet Street the other day, the proprietor came out and presented her with a bouquet of red roses and a gold spoon made in 1667, when the inn was rebuilt after the great Fire of London.

A poor woman in Kent has sent a small gift to the Church Army, "because they once fed her son, who was killed in France, when he was hungry, and refused to take his watch in payment."

Two boys taking £400 to a bank in Liverpool lost it on the way. A returned soldier picked up an envelope lying in the mud, and, opening it, found the hundreds of banknotes inside. He had never seen so much money before, but he took it to the bank, and they gave him £50.

THE Prince of Wales, entering the royal box with General Booth's daughter at one of his last appearances on his tour, stood aside for Miss Booth to enter first.

So now, God bless you, one and all,
With hearts and hearthstones warm;
And may He prosper great and small,
And keep us out of harm,
And teach us still
His sweet good will
This merry Christmas morn.

Hitting the Target

TWO admirals have been telling stories, most of them good ones. One says that before Lord Fisher came into office at the Admiralty the gunnery of our Navy was so bad that the ships could not hit a haystack a yard off. The other admiral tells how the gunners of the Chinese Army used to hit the target.

We had sent out some first-rate guns for the Chinese Army to train with, and one of our high officials went to see how they were working. The Imperial Government assured him that the reports from the districts were excellent. The visitor went to a district, and found the men firing close to the target! Very much surprised, he explained to the mandarin in charge that these were very accurate long-range guns, and the men should be a great distance off.

And then the mandarin explained, in words something like this: "Oh, no, no! Please understand! The decree has gone forth that the firing with these wonderful guns is to be very accurate, and that the men should hit the target every time. They are doing so!"

Who Is It?

I KEN a chiel ye dinna ken;
No child has ever seen his den,
And yet he is the best o' men
At Christmas-time.

THERE'S someone sees each deed and look
At home, at school, or by the brook,
And notes them in a great big book
For Christmas-time.

WHEN frost and snow bedeck the ground,
And locks and ponds wi' ice are bound,
A friend arrives without a sound
At Christmas-time.

THAT happy time is drawing near,
And Christmas Day will soon be here,
When someone brings us all good cheer
At Christmas-time.

WEE Mary wants a sleeping doll,
And Allan wants a bouncing ball;
A rare old fellow brings them all
At Christmas-time.

JOHN CAMPBELL

AMERICA FACED WITH WAR

THE TROUBLE WITH MEXICO

Field of War that Separates the American Continent

STRONG MAN WANTED

The Western Hemisphere is being kept in a state of continual unrest by the state of grave disorder in Mexico.

Mexico, one of the richest lands on the earth, with a great variety of soil and climate, vast mineral wealth, and oil deposits that all the world needs, has been ravaged for years by civil war.

Her industries have been at a standstill, and many of her mines closed down; the lives of her people are never safe, and confusion reigns; while roving bands of armed men, serving rival politicians who seek power for selfish purposes, fight each other almost incessantly. What can be done to cure this plague-spot, and who can do it?

The only country that can interfere effectively is the American Republic.

Monroe Doctrine

By her Monroe Doctrine, with which no nation desires to interfere, the Republic warns all nations to keep their hands off any parts of America that they do not already own. But, seeing that the world is thus warned off the Western Hemisphere by the powerful United States, it is the duty of the States to provide that the interests of the world shall be safeguarded.

It is a perplexing task that confronts the American Republic; yet she cannot shirk it. She has tried hard, too hard many people think, to keep out of the troubles of the Old World; but Mexico is her own trouble, her near neighbour, the bad child of the family of Western nations. Violence and wrong may flourish there so grossly that if other nations cannot interfere to restore good government, the United States must.

Back to Barbarism

And that stage has now been almost reached. For not only have the industries kept up in Mexico chiefly by the money, skill, and labour of Eastern nations been paralysed by Mexican civil war, but American officials have been captured, and the United States' flag and frontier have been violated.

Whichever way the United States turn difficulties face them, but something must be done, or Mexico will sink back into utter barbarism.

The Americans could take Mexico and give it a strong and restful government, but the cost of its conquest and government would be very heavy. Besides, they do not want the country.

Yet, how can they allow their nearest neighbour to sink deeper into disorder and ruin, to the detriment not only of the Mexicans themselves, but of all the world that needs Mexican products?

Where is the Strong Man?

It has been suggested that the Americans should discover some honest Mexican who will be patriotic enough to introduce fair self-government by the Mexicans for the sake of Mexico, and back him with American strength till he is established in power. But the difficulty is to find an unselfish Mexican patriot whose force of character would make him a natural leader. Sooner or later history shapes itself, for a while, around some one man.

STOP THE BATTLESHIPS

The Colossal Wonder of the Sea

It was Admiral Sir Percy Scott, one of the wisest men and greatest inventors the British Navy ever had, who predicted long before the war that the submarine would make the battleship out of date. Now the admiral is urging that we should not build more battleships.

At present, he says, a battleship of 30,000 tons will carry a hundred thousand pounds' weight of high explosives and guns for firing over a range of 15 miles, and this stupendous instrument of war, costing about £6,000,000, could be sunk by one aeroplane.

Science and invention move on, but every day shows how impossible it is that these great powers, which can make the earth a paradise if used for peace, should be built up for war.

POEMS FROM SPACE

What the Wireless Man Heard

"Where do all the poems come from?" a simpleton once asked. Some, at any rate, appear to come from the depths of the universe. A wireless telegraph expert has been telling how he heard a poet talking in space.

"I was very much astonished one morning," he says, "when listening for the signals from the Eiffel Tower, or some such station, by somebody suddenly reciting poetry. It was very bad poetry. I think it must have been his own composition."

"I found he did it every morning at 10 o'clock regularly, and finally I discovered it was from an aerodrome."

"Since then I think the gentleman who recites poetry must have gone away, because I did not have any more poetry."

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO US ALL



We'll twine the fresh green holly wreath, And make the Yule log glow,
And gather gaily underneath The glistening mistletoe.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Germany now has over seven million trade unionists.

Earthquake Rings a Silent Bell

During an earthquake shock felt in the South of France, a bell rang which had not made a sound for 20 years.

The Pitiful Ten Thousand

Although it has been stated that children are no longer to be kept in workhouses, there are still 10,389 children in workhouses.

First Photograph in a Century

An old lady of Rickmansworth has had her photograph taken for the first time on her hundredth birthday. She still crochets without spectacles.

A Free Ride for a Goat

"Bring me a coat," a lady at Guildford telephoned to her chauffeur at Godalming. When the car arrived the lady found one of her goats in it!

The Arch of Titus Out of Bounds

It is suggested in Rome that during the forthcoming victory parade Jewish soldiers shall be excused from marching under the Arch of Titus, which commemorates the fall of Jerusalem.

Feeling the Strike

Owing to shortage of coal Chicago's suburban train service is reduced by a half, the big stores are to be closed two days a week and theatres one day a week, and general business is to be confined to four and a half hours a day.

A pound of ripe strawberries have just been picked in an Essex garden.

Pumping Fuel to Paris

An underground pipe, more than 100 miles long, is to be laid from Havre to Paris to pump mazout oil fuel direct from the ships to the locomotives.

Seeking for the Dinosaur

An American scientific expedition, on its way to the Congo to search for the queer primeval monster which is said to have been seen there of late, has met with a railway accident, and several members have been killed.

First New Fact for Centuries

Gravitation is a sort of Rip van Winkle of scientific principles, for, as a professor points out, Dr. Einstein's discovery is the first new thing we have learned about gravitation for 200 years.

A Stamp Zoo

A postage stamp zoo is one of the novel features of Mr. Fred J. Melville's Christmas Stamp Exhibition. All the animals, which are arranged on mimic Mappin terraces, are on stamp designs, and include a great variety of specimens.

A Tale of Two Friends

There was a pathetic circumstance in connection with the Daily Telegraph obituary notice of Sir Evelyn Wood. It was written some years ago by a friend, but the friend died first, so that the public were reading a dead man's appreciation of his dead friend.

TRUTH CANNOT BE HID

HOW IT WAS FOUND IN THE BED OF THE SEA

The Secret Locked in a Drowned Steel Safe

DRAMATIC REVELATIONS OF FALSEHOOD

Be sure your sin will find you out. The words are true from everlasting to everlasting.

Last week we showed how the Kaiser's own handwriting had come to light and proved before all history the guilt of this man who whines from the security of his house in Holland that he always longed for peace. This week a dramatic witness to one of the great falsehoods of the war comes from the ocean bed.

It will be remembered that soon after the German Fleet surrendered, while the ships were interned at Scapa Flow, the German admiral sank them.

The Sunken Fleet

As the ships had been handed over to the Allies this was treachery, and the Allies demanded reparation from the German Navy. This Germany refused, declaring that the admiral had acted against instructions and on his own responsibility. This statement of the German Navy has now been proved to be untrue, and all honourable people are bound to realise that we cannot accept the German word.

The only excuse ever made for the admiral was that it is a terribly trying sacrifice for a sea captain to hand his ship over to the enemy, and if an English admiral had been expected to do so, we should have admired him for evading that disgrace by sinking the ship. That, it is true, would have been our feeling if our national honour had not been pledged to the contrary.

Secret Plot

But the German admiral had no such excuse. He was not acting from a fine sentimental impulse that may warrant our sympathy. When he sank his fleet in Scapa Flow, contrary to the agreement made by his government with the Allies, he was carrying out secret orders from his German masters. He obeyed no overmastering patriotic impulse; he only took part in a dishonourable plot.

Both the admiral and the German Government thought the evidence of the plot would be buried deep under the Atlantic waves in the admiral's steel safe, held fast in the middle of the admiral's steel ship; but

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again: The eternal years of God are hers, and, deeper than plummet ever sounded, the sea cannot conceal a lie.

The admiral's safe in the Emden has been reached and opened, and the treacherous secret orders of the German Government to sink the fleet and break the solemn word of a nation are in British hands.

This new infamy of Germany stands revealed as if a concealing curtain had been drawn aside by the will of God.

SUPPLYING EUROPE WITH CARS

Mr. Ford is opening a factory at Copenhagen to supply motor-cars to the 200 million people of Northern Europe. He will also start a factory at Fiume when the mad poet has done with it.

CHANUKAH

THE JEWS AND THEIR GREAT HERO

Battle in Which the Oil Did Not Fail EIGHT DAYS OF REMEMBRANCE

Very soon now we shall be getting ready for the celebration of Christmas, the season of jollity and festivity.

But it is not everyone who knows that the Jews also have a Christmas of their own about this time of the year, which has for its chief symbol those little candles which we see shining round our own Christmas tables.

This festival is called Chanukah, and it began on December 17, and lasts for eight days, but the lights and the singing and the jollity of our own Christmas are there just the same.

Over two thousand years ago the Jews were sorely oppressed by the tyrant Antiochus Epiphanes, who came and ravaged their land, desecrated the Temple, and slew many of the inhabitants; and no one could be found with enough courage and spirit and love for his country to protect her against the oppression of the invader, until at last there arose a veritable hero.

Hero Who Freed His Country

Judas was his name, the son of Mattathias the priest; and he and his brothers, following the lead of their courageous father, rebelled against the enemy.

He gathered to himself a mighty following from among the young men of the land, and together they slew numbers of their oppressors, and, betaking themselves to the hills, defied the enemy to do battle with them.

The tyrants came and attacked, but in three great battles Judas defeated them, and in 165 B.C. freed his country from the oppressor. From the initials of the Hebrew words of his war-cry, "Who is like unto Thee among the gods, O Jehovah?" Judas and his followers were given the name of Maccabees.

And so the Jews celebrate every year the memory of the man who fought a mighty enemy for love of his country.

Lamp That Was Kept Burning

In every Jewish home, when the festival falls due, a branched candlestick is brought out, with four holders on each side and one in the middle; and on the first night of the festival the master of the house puts a little coloured candle in the centre holder, and one in one of the holders at the side, and lights them.

On the second night he fills the centre holder and two of those at the side with candles, and lights them; and so on through the eight days of the festival.

This is to commemorate the time when the Maccabees had but one day's supply of sacred oil for the Lamp of the Lord, which they kept alight in their camp while fighting the oppressor; and this one day's supply was miraculously made to last for eight days, at the end of which more oil could be secured.

The family of the house stand round, and watch the lighting of the candles, and repeat the blessings after the master. And when the candles are lit they sing a joyful hymn of praise and thanksgiving to the memory of Judas Maccabeus, one of the heroes of their race.

FLYING MAN'S SIGNPOSTS

The roofs of large railway stations on the air-route from the Kentish coast to London, as well as around London, are now being named in big white letters for the guidance of flying travellers.

Ashford, Tonbridge, and Redhill to the south, and Hitchin in the north, have already been painted so that the names are visible to flyers at a safe distance above them.

INVENTIONS & IDEAS

Things Just Patented

By Our Patent Office Expert

These inventions have only just been patented, and the Editor has no further information.

MOTOR-CAR DRIVEN BY PROPELLER

This motor-car is moved forward by a propeller like an aeroplane. It is also fitted with lateral planes curving down at the rear, and as it moves the air gets under these and helps to support the weight of the car, thereby making it very much lighter on its tyres.



A QUICK-BOILING KETTLE

The kettle or saucepan has a recess at the bottom, with tubes communicating with the inside. The liquid circulates in these tubes, and is brought to the boil very rapidly indeed.



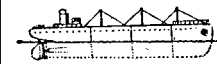
A BAG THAT TURNS INSIDE OUT

The bag is made with ornamental fabric on one side and oiled silk on the other. It can be turned inside out and used either way, the oiled silk being suitable for a wet day.



AN UNSINKABLE SHIP

The ship is made in sections, joined together in such a way that if one section is damaged in collision, or otherwise, it can easily be detached from the rest of the ship and the vessel saved.



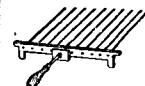
CIGAR TIED IN A KNOT

Instead of sticking down the end of the leaf at the tip of a cigar, an insanitary plan, the leaf is drawn out, twisted, and tied in a knot.



A USEFUL FIRE LIGHTER

A kind of gridiron that can be slipped through the bars into a grate, the wood and coal being placed upon the bars, which prevent them falling down in a confused heap on the lighted paper underneath.



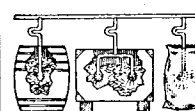
A SPADE ATTACHMENT

A plate that fits on to the top of the iron blade of a spade or garden fork, so that the whole foot from toe to heel can be used to press it into the soil.



A FISH FREEZER

The freezing liquid is passed through pipes to perforated nozzles inserted in the barrel, case, or sack among the fish, and the liquid then flows in all directions freezing the fish uniformly and efficiently.



A WAGGON LIKE A TANK

A motor lorry fitted with caterpillars instead of wheels, and with a slanting caterpillar in front, to climb over obstacles just like a tank.



RIGHT-SIDE-UP MATCH-BOX

A match-box with a roughened strip on top as well as at the sides, so that the right side up can be easily distinguished by the feel in the dark.



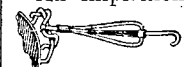
A CLEAN CINDER SIFTER

A vessel into which cinders and dust can be placed, the lid fastened down, and the whole shaken until the dust has fallen through a screen to the bottom, leaving the cinders above the screen. The lid prevents the dust flying about, and the cinders are not removed till the dust has settled down.



A SIMPLE PAN-LIFTER

An implement, made of strong bent wire, for catching hold of a pan and lifting it off the fire without the need of touching it with the hand.



I BELIEVE

The Creed of the True Teacher

WHY WE MUST LOVE LIFE

What does the true teacher think of himself and his charges?

A man who loves children, and who believes that they can be guided to bring heaven on earth, has told us. This is Mr. J. J. Faragher, B.A., who has published a little pamphlet called "The Medal System in Elementary Schools." Whatever you may think of his Medal System you cannot read his creed without a thrill of hope in the future of mankind. Here is Mr. Faragher's Creed.

I believe in boys and girls, the men and women of a great tomorrow; that whatsoever the boy soweth the man shall reap.

I believe in the curse of ignorance, the efficacy of schools, the dignity of teaching, and the joy of serving others.

I believe in wisdom as revealed in human lives as well as in the pages of a printed book, in lessons taught, not so much by precept as by example, in ability to work with the hands as well as to think with the head, in everything that makes life lovely.

I believe in beauty in the school-room, in the home, in daily life and in out-of-doors.

I believe in laughter, in love, in faith, in all ideals and distant hopes that lure us on.

I believe that every hour of every day we receive a just reward for all we are and all we do.

I believe in the present and its opportunities, in the future and its promises, and in the divine joy of living. Amen.

To read this Creed is to feel that at last we are getting on the right road. Lessons are not a form of punishment. The future is not wage-earning. Life is not a hard duty.

No: God gives us life as an experiment. We are to enjoy it and make the utmost and the best of it.

If we love life as we love a game we shall take the sting out of its hardships, and get the very best out of all rewards. The secret is to love life.

Love life as you love nothing else in the world. Love the mere thought that you are alive.

Then how easy everything will come to you—lessons, duties, work, troubles, difficulties; yes, even death, when it comes. For to love Life is to know that Life is everlasting. And if it is everlasting, then everything is worth while, and perfection is the one great goal.

ALL THE GOLD IN THE WORLD

The present stock of gold in the world, according to the United States Mint, is £3,500,000,000, of which £3,485,000,000 has been produced since the discovery of America in 1493.

During the ten years up to January 1, 1917, the annual production of gold in the world averaged £94,000,000. In 1917 this fell to £87,000,000, and last year to £78,000,000. At the end of the war the total value of gold in the United States was £1,000,000,000, rather more than a quarter of the world's stock. In 1912 there was in the United Kingdom £146,000,000. Today the stock in Britain cannot exceed £100,000,000.

THIEVES AT CHURCH

There have been so many thefts from collection boxes in Hertfordshire churches that the police advise collecting boxes beneath the floor, with a pipe leading from the slot to the box.

CORAL REEF MYSTERY

Work of a Million Little Colonies

A NATURALIST'S BOOK-KEEPING IN SAMOA

From a Professor's Chair

Round the shores of Samoa, in the Pacific, there are many fringing reefs which grow out like great shelves into the sea. They are composed of the stone-hard lime shells or skeletons of the reef-corals, which are relatives of our soft sea-anemones, but form great colonies connected into blocks.

The coral polyps, never to be called insects, capture the lime in solution from the sea-water and deposit it in a changed form around their soft bodies. A big block can grow about an inch in a year, and the large ones are dangerous to navigation. Dr. Alfred G. Mayer has been making very interesting measurements and computations.

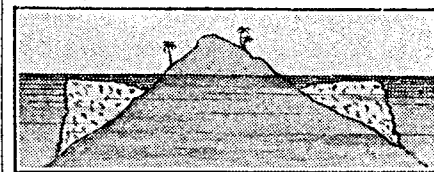
The Coral Colonies

In April 1917 he uprooted a number of blocks and weighed them. After marking them with numbered brass tags he put them carefully back on the reef, and left them to grow for another year.

In 1918 he weighed them again, and was able to tell how much solid limestone a particular block can make in a year. He then counted the coral-colonies on a number of squares on the reef-flat, each square 24 feet a side, and arrived at the result that on a given area of 2,550,000 square feet there were about a million coral-colonies, making about 847,000 pounds of coral every year.

Now, one might think that the reef-flat would soon grow out of the water, but while it is growing *outwards* into the sea, the shoreward flat is *declining*.

There is the other side of the account. The breakers smash off pieces of the growing corals, and the skeletons are



How the coral reefs grow round the island

ground into sand, and washed away. About 100,000 pounds are lost from the reef every year in this way.

In the second place, there are on the same area of reef-flat about 200,000 sea-cucumbers, sausage-like animals with five feathery tentacles around their mouth. As a child might dip one finger after another into treacle and put it into its mouth, so the sea-cucumber plunges one tentacle after another into the coral sand and then into its mouth.

In this strange way it feeds on small living and dead creatures, and the lime is dissolved by the acid digestive juice of the food-canal, so that it passes into the sea in solution again. The coral-polyp captures lime-salts dissolved in the sea-water; the sea-cucumber dissolves lime fragments and small shells in its food-canal and restores it in solution to the sea. So the world goes round.

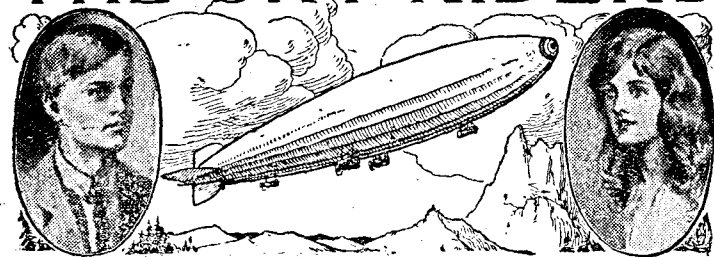
A Year's Amazing Work

Now, the sea-cucumbers on the reef-flat referred to destroy about 2,900,000 pounds of lime-sand in a year, and thus it is that while the reef extends *outwards* from the shore, the shoreward flat is not rising, but *dwindling*. As it goes on declining, however, the currents which break off the pieces of coral will lessen.

What the book-keeping brings out is that as the reef-flat declines the causes which destroy it diminish, so that in the course of time a balance will probably be struck between the income side of the account which adds limestone to the reef, and the expenditure side which takes away limestone from the reef. If the dwindling were to go on without check, the fringing reef would become a barrier-reef, separated from the shore by a channel.

J. A. T.

THE SKY RIDERS



A STIRRING TALE OF ADVENTURE ROUND THE WORLD

Told by T. C. Bridges, Author of "Martin Crusoe"

CHAPTER 33

The Pit

THOUGH black as ink, the face was not in the least like that of the ordinary African negro, with flat nose and blubber lips. This man's nose was almost as well-shaped as an Arab's, his forehead fairly high, and his lips rather thin than thick.

It was the hideous air of cunning and cruelty marked on every feature that made the face so repulsive. The eyes, set deep in their sockets, gleamed in the faint light like those of some dangerous wild beast, while the upper lip, drawn back and twitching slightly, showed two rows of teeth filed to points as sharp as the fangs of an alligator.

Cyril lay still as a mouse. His eyes were fixed on the horror, and he hardly breathed.

Some seconds passed; then the head drew down and vanished behind the long, leathery leaves as silently as it had appeared.

Still Cyril did not stir, and he and Tim covered side by side, without moving or speaking, straining their ears for some sound.

There was none. Not the slightest rustle broke the utter stillness of the forest.

At last Cyril turned to Tim. "Did we dream it?" he asked, in a breathless whisper.

"We couldn't," was the answer. "Tis not in the mind of either wan of us to picture up a face like that. My blood's still cold in my veins from seeing it!"

Cyril shivered. "It was ghastly!" he answered, in the same low tone. "Tim, are those the savages to whom Kent is going to hand Stella?"

"I'd think shame to lave a dog to the mercies of a thing like that," Tim answered gravely. "Did he see us, think you?"

"Just what I was wondering. I hope he didn't."

"Maybe he's watching us this minnit. I tell ye, Master Cyril, 'tis not healthy here, where him and his fellows may be crawling around us. Let's be getting out o' the wood on to ground where we can kape a watch over ourselves."

"The sooner, the better," agreed Cyril. "We must be quick, too. It's getting darker every minute. Keep your rifle ready," he whispered, as he rose quietly to his feet. "You watch out in front; I'll have an eye behind, and don't make a sound, if you can help it."

Tim nodded, and they started back up the slope.

Presently Tim stopped. "I'm off the thrack," he muttered. "'Tis too dark to see the way we came."

"Keep on up the hill," said Cyril. "We're bound to get out of the wood sooner or later."

Again they went on. It was a slow business. Between the huge trunks which towered upwards into the night the undergrowth grew thick as an English hedge. Great vines and creepers hung from tree to tree. Often the growth was too matted to pass, and they had to go back in order to find a way round.

A minute later they pulled up short. Right in front a twig had cracked with a report that,

in this utter silence, sounded loud as a pistol shot.

"The nigger!" hissed Tim. "It may be a wild animal," whispered back Cyril.

"Wild bastes move soft. Kape your gun ready."

They waited a little. In the silence Cyril could hear his own heart beating. All was quiet, and, after a bit, he spoke in Tim's ear.

"We'll go round a bit—this way."

He stole on again. By this time it was almost pitch dark, and, since the great trees shut off the sky, they had no landmark—not even stars to guide them.

Presently Cyril found he was going down-hill, not up. He stopped again.

"I'm thinking we're lost," said Tim.

"It looks like it," Cyril answered. "It may be just a dip. Let's push on a bit and see."

They did push on, but only to find that they were undoubtedly going down-hill. They turned again and retraced their steps. The last glimmer of light had gone. They kept stumbling over the cable-like creepers; thorns caught and tore their clothes. The farther they went, the thicker grew the jungle.

Cyril tried hard to keep his nerves steady and his head clear, but every now and then a wave of panic swept over him.

He and Tim had had two very hard days. They were desperately tired, as well as hungry and thirsty, and the fix in which they found themselves was enough to try the strongest nerves.

Blundering through the inky gloom, they suddenly found themselves on a path. It was very narrow—not more than eighteen inches wide—a sort of furrow cut a foot or so deep in the stiff, clayey soil.

Cyril stooped and felt it with his hands.

"It's a path, Tim; a nigger path! Shall we follow it?"

"Yis, but which way? One way will lade us to the village o' them saw-teeth fellers, and maybe the other will take us up the hill."

Cyril looked up and down and all around, but the giant trees cut off all sight of the sky. He had not the faintest notion which way to turn.

"Let's try the right," he said.

"Wan's as good as the other. Come on, thin!"

There was no room for two abreast, and Cyril was leading the way when, without the slightest warning, the ground gave under him, and, before he could do anything to save himself, he pitched forward and dropped through a thin coating of crackling sticks into a black chasm below.

"Look out, Tim!" he yelled, as he fell.

But the warning was too late. Tim had followed him into the pit.

CHAPTER 34

Trapped!

CYRIL came down on all fours, on soft wet clay. Tim, pitching on top of him, knocked him flat, and for a moment he was half stunned. "Are ye hurrt at all?" he heard Tim exclaim anxiously.

"N-no—only a bit bruised. I'm quite all right, Tim. But where are we?"

"'Tis a kind of a well," answered Tim. "Have ye your torch handy?"

Cyril felt in his pocket, and a moment later the bright flash of his electric torch shone on their surroundings and showed that they were at the bottom of a pit some nine or ten feet deep and about five feet square. The sides were perpendicular. Above was the broken roof through which they had fallen.

"Well! This is no well, but a pit trap," said Cyril bitterly. "And we've walked into it like a couple of sheep."

"Thin the sooner we get out, the better," replied Tim, with a plucky attempt at cheerfulness. "If I heave ye up do ye think ye can catch hould of the top edge?"

"I'll try, anyhow," replied Cyril grimly, and, fixing the torch in the clay, he climbed on Tim's shoulders. He was reaching up for the top when he stopped short and nearly fell back. Looking straight down upon him were a pair of eyes.

The light striking up from below showed that they belonged to the same evil-looking negro whom they had seen watching from behind the bush. Behind him, Cyril caught a glimpse of other tall, dark, shadowy figures.

"Drop me, Tim!" he hissed. It was too late. Quick as a monkey the black man swooped, caught Cyril by both arms and whipped him up.

Tim, when he saw what was happening, reached for his rifle which was leaning against the wall of the pit. Before he could lift it a heavy net was flung down upon him, tangling him in its meshes, and while he struggled desperately to free himself, the man who had flung it leaped lightly down, and caught and pinioned him.

The whole operation was conducted in absolute silence and with the most extraordinary speed. Almost before the boys knew what had happened, their hands were tied behind them, and they were being marched rapidly along the path, which was lit by the glare of a torch carried by one of the negroes.

Its crimson light shone on the tall figures of their captors, and showed them to be all of the same type—tall men, black-skinned, yet, like their leader, more or less Arab in feature.

And, though none were quite so dreadful as the first, to Cyril all seemed to radiate the same atmosphere of evil.

The whole thing was so like a nightmare that Cyril could hardly believe it to be real. His tired brain could not grapple with the situation.

The path now turned definitely downhill, and in a very short time lights twinkled through the trees, and they came out into a good-sized clearing, in which stood a number of huts with conical roofs, looking like large bee-hives.

Into one of these Cyril and Tim were thrust, and the entrance was closed by poles crossed and lashed with leather thongs. Then, leaving one man on guard at the door, the rest vanished into other huts, and the two boys were left alone in their dark prison.

CHAPTER 35

The Horror of It

FOR the moment Cyril gave way to despair. "Trapped like two silly children!" he muttered thickly.

"Ah, now, what's the matter with ye?" returned the unconquerable Tim. "Sure, we're alive and no bones broken, and a dry place to slape in. Don't be looking for trouble. Let's take a nap, and thin we'll be able to think what's best to be done about it."

Tim's brave words pulled Cyril together again. "You're right, Tim. After all, we're no worse off

than when those Touaregs were charging down on us. We'll sleep on it, and tomorrow perhaps we can find a way out."

"Here's leaves by the wall," said Tim. "Lie down now. Sure, me eyes is shutting in spite of meself."

The two were, indeed, absolutely played out. But they were not fated to get their sleep just yet. A torch glared again, and presently an elderly, repulsive-looking hag was ushered in by a fierce-looking guard armed with a spear. She carried a large wooden platter filled with some steaming mixture which smelt remarkably good.

The woman laid the dish down and left. The guard motioned the boys to eat.

"Smells all right," said Cyril. "And they're hardly likely to try poisoning us. It would be so much easier to knock us on the head. I'm famishing, so here goes."

"I'm wid ye," said Tim. "We'll slape the better for it."

Each took up a wooden spoon and tucked in. The stew, which was made of meat, green mealies, red pepper and yams, was quite excellent, and they finished it to the last mouthful. Their grisly guardian watched them eat, and to their astonishment actually grinned approvingly. Then he went off, the door was made fast again, and the two were left alone.

There was no more talk that night. They were both so done they just dropped back on their bed of leaves, and knew nothing else until the morning sun, shining through the hurdled door, roused them from their slumbers.

Cyril rubbed his eyes and sat up. The hot rays blazing down on the clearing showed it to be about an acre in extent and to contain some thirty huts. Several women, look-almost as evil as the men, were squatting at a little distance watching the hut. It came to Cyril that they looked like wild beasts licking their lips in prospect of a feed. Seeing the prisoners were awake, the guard signed to one of the women, who went off and came back with bananas, boiled mealie porridge and milk in a calabash. It was quite a decent breakfast.

"Sure, they're not going to starve us—that's one good thing," observed Tim. "I wonder what they'll be doing wid us?"

Cyril did not answer at once. His eyes were fixed on something hanging in the thick shade of a large tree opposite. He turned to Tim, and his face was oddly white and strained.

He pointed. "That's what they mean to do with us," he said hoarsely. "Tim, don't you understand? They are cannibals."

TO BE CONTINUED

NOTES AND QUERIES

What is Pairing? An arrangement by which, if a member of one of the chief parties in the House of Commons desires to be absent, he finds a member of the other party who also desires to be away, and both arrange to be absent at exactly the same time, so that neither side suffers when votes are taken.

What is a Mandamus? Mandamus is the Latin for "We command," and is the term for a writ from a superior court of law to an inferior court, a corporation, or a person, ordering them to do something within their official duties, as, for example, to deliver certain papers or admit a person to an office, and so on.

Who was Machiavelli? Machiavelli was an Italian statesman born in the 15th century at Florence, who wrote a book called "The Prince," in which he justified political cunning on the part of rulers to maintain their authority over the ruled. Such principles have since been known as Machiavellian.

Five-Minute Story

THE BAR

KNEE-DEEP, she waded in the burn, The Banshee, robed in green. She sang yon song the whole night long,

And washed the linen clean. The linen that would wrap the dead She beetled on a stone; She stood with dripping hands blood-red,

Low singing all alone.

WHEN James I. of Scotland set out from Holyrood, many years ago, to spend Christmas at Perth, an old Highland spaw-wife met him at the Water o' Leith, and told him how the Banshee had foretold his death.

But James was a brave man, and he scorned the idea of danger. Was he not going to Blackfriars Monastery, which he had built? And was not Sir Robert Stewart, his chamberlain, seeing that all was safe? The moat surrounding the monastery was deep; its drawbridge well guarded; the locks in the house were of the strongest; why then should he fear? All was safe.

And all seemed safe for two months. Then, one dark night in February, three hundred armed men, led by Graham, the king's most powerful enemy—and the secret friend of the king's chamberlain—quietly approached Blackfriars. Planks had been laid at a convenient spot, and over these the soldiers passed.

The torches they carried showed them that every lock in the house had been tampered with. The enemy within, Sir Robert Stewart, had seen to that!

They had timed their visit well. The gentlemen who had been spending a merry evening with the king had gone; only the queen and her ladies were with him, when the alarm sounded.

Graham knew where to find the royal party, and he led the men to the door. Its lock, like the others, had been spoiled. Yet when they pushed, it did not open. They pushed again, and still the door held. Graham, impatient to get at his victim, came himself, and, with a mighty push from his shoulder, forced the door.

There was a snap, a faint moan, and the door swung wide—the bar which kept out the king's murderers was no bar of iron or steel, but a girl's soft, white arm.

She had thrust it into the staple of the door, and had kept it there till it snapped!

Surely there is no finer or braver deed in all the records of the house to which this girl belonged, for her name was Katherine Douglas, a descendant of the brave Douglas who was killed carrying the heart of Robert Bruce to the Holy Land.

The sad part of the story is that her brave deed was all in vain, for James was taken and murdered that night, even as the Highland spaw-wife had foretold. The green-robed Banshee sang her eerie song as she washed the shroud by the Waters o' Leith.

Xmas Comes but Once a Year, But When it Comes it Brings Good Cheer

DR. MERRYMAN

POET: "No, the editors never burn my poems."
Friend: "How is that?"
Poet: "I write them on sheets of asbestos."

The Zoo That Never Was



The Woosher

THE Woosher isn't pretty;
But we won't blame him—eh?
We will extend our pity,
'Cos he was born that way.

Is Your Name Studd?

THIS is really the same name as
Stead, and is the old word for
a place or dwelling. One of your
ancestors was, no doubt, referred to
as the man who lived in such and
such a stead, and eventually the
name for a house became his name
and descended to you.

How to Keep Awake

A DARING young fellow named
Blake
Ate cold suet pudding and cake,
With lobster and toffee,
And pickles and coffee;
He managed to keep wide awake.

A Budding Artist

A WOOD-ENGRAVER was boasting
of his skill.
"Ah," said the man to whom he
was talking, "I could draw on wood
at a very early age. When a mere
child I once drew a small cartload
of turnips over a wooden bridge."
The people of the village noticed
me. I drew their attention."

THE Rain Falls
Upon the just and unjust
fellah,
But more upon the just, because
The unjust steals the just's
umbrella.

WHEN is a sheep like ink?
When it is in a pen.

A Very Old Riddle

MORE than a thousand years ago
Archbishop Damoeta of Mainz
sent a gift to Alcuin, a famous poet
monk, which Alcuin acknowledged
in this quaint old riddle.

A beast has sudden crept into my
house,
A beast of wonder, who two heads
has got,
And yet the beast has only one
jawbone.
Twice three times ten of horrid
teeth it has.
Its food grows always on this body
of mine;
Not flesh, not fruit. It eats not
with its teeth,
It drinks not. Its open mouth
shows no decay.
Tell me, Damoeta dear, what beast
is this?

What was it the archbishop sent to
Alcuin? *Answer next week*

What Nationality?

You name me once, and I am
famed
For deeds of noble daring;
But name me twice and I am found
In savage customs sharing.

Answer next week

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

Topsy-Turvy Arithmetic

XIX. 1 taken leaves XX.

Is Your Name Here?

The puzzle names in No. 35,
omitted on November 22, were
Peter and Winnie.

Jacko Minds the Baby

MOTHER JACKO was going out marketing. "Jacko," she
called out, "come and amuse Baby till I come back.
Now, take care of him and see he doesn't get into mischief."

Jacko nodded and threw down his book, and directly the door
shut, he said: "Now then, young shaver, what shall we do?"

"Play horses," replied Baby.

"Right-o!" sang out Jacko.

He put on the reins, and down he went on his hands and
knees, while Baby climbed on his back; and off they went.

Baby laughed with glee. He tugged at the reins and slashed
his whip till Jacko began to think it time to protest. But
suddenly Baby pulled him up and demanded that Jacko
should be an elephant.

"Want to be higher, eh?" asked Jacko.

Baby nodded. So Jacko took up a chair and tied it to
his back, and stooped while his little brother
scrambled into it. Then
off they went again.

For a little while Baby
screamed with delight, but
presently he grew so sus-
piciously quiet that Jacko
wondered.

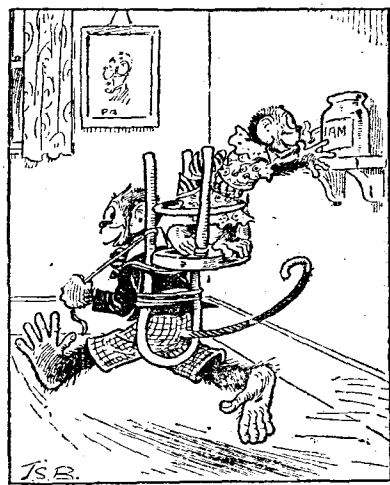
Then the door opened
and in came his mother.

"You wicked boy!" she
exclaimed, as she caught
sight of the chair. "You'll
break the child's back! And
just look what he's got!"

Jacko looked round.

There was the young gentle-
man calmly eating his way through a large jar of raspberry
jam, which he had reached down from the kitchen shelf.

Jacko roared. It was just what he would have done himself.



Baby Jacko reached the large jar of jam

Hoity Toity and Molly Coddle



Hoity and Molly have run away from a grumpy aunt to
find their mother and father. They meet a tramp, and later
a gipsy boy who locks them in his caravan.



CHAPTER 11

"S-SH!" Hoity beckoned excitedly. "Look here!"
Molly peeped between the curtains, and there was
Moses at the edge of the ground on which the caravans stood,
whistling, with his hands in his pockets; and, just beyond,
the tramp was lurching up the road with his shabby coat
buttoned tight round him.

"You see!" whispered Hoity. "Moses will tell him
he's got us locked up in here!"

"Oh, Hoity! What will he do to us?"

Hoity was too anxious to listen to her, but he began to
feel happier as the tramp shuffled slowly past, and Moses only
stared at him, and went on whistling.

"I made sure—" Hoity broke off, suddenly excited
again. For they saw Moses stoop, pick up a big clump of
mud, and aim it so carefully that it stuck with a plop on the
tramp's neck, and knocked his hat off.

He sprang round in a fury; but Moses was looking in the
opposite direction, with his hands in his pockets, whistling.

But this did not deceive the tramp.

"You young scamp!" he roared, and made a rush and a
leap; but just as they thought he had got him, Moses ducked



Molly and Hoity peeped between
the curtains



Moses aimed a jump of mud at
the tramp



He ducked under the tramp's arm



Molly held Rags by the nose

under his arm, and ran, laughing, across the waste ground,
out of sight behind the caravans, with the tramp after him.

Suddenly a big motor-car came toot-toot-tooting by, with
Aunt Humpty sitting stiffly behind the chauffeur.

Hoity and Molly clutched each other, and Molly held Rags
by the nose to keep him from barking, till she had glided
safely on and round the curve towards home.

"That's what Moses was waiting for!" gasped Hoity.
"He meant to let her take us, and he thought she'd give him
something. It was lucky for us he threw that mud at the
tramp, and got driven away in time."

"What are we to do?" asked Molly. "We can't get out."

"We will presently," said Hoity, his sharp eyes glancing
round the little room. "But we want to get ready first.
Aunt is sure to have told people to look out for a boy and
girl, and to stop them. So you'll have to be a boy. Then
when they see two boys they won't think it's us."

"But how can I, Hoity?" exclaimed Molly.

"Easy," said Hoity. "We shall just have to cut your hair
off, and then there's everything you want in that corner
there. Can't you see it?"

More next week

Who Was He?

The Friend of Man

ABOUT the middle of the 18th
century a small, delicate
boy was sent by his father to the
Grammar School at Hull. His
health was poor, and his little
body so feeble that he afterwards
expressed his thankfulness that
he was not born in less civilised
times, when it would have been
thought impossible to rear so
delicate a child.

Unlike his body, however, his
mind was keen and vigorous, and
he made good headway with his
studies.

When he was nine his father
died, and he went for a time to
stay with an uncle in London.
Then his mother sent him to
school in Yorkshire, and his great
social talents made him very
popular. He far outstripped the
other boys of his form in English
composition, and at the age of 14
sent a letter to the editor of a
newspaper on a scandalous abuse
of the rights of man, the removal
of which afterwards became his
great life-work.

He grew to be a famous philan-
thropist, and was first set on the
path of generosity by a relative
who gave him a big money
present, with the injunction that
part of it should be given to the
poor. This incident, he after-
wards said, had a great deal to
do with the forming of his
character.

At 17 he went to Cambridge
University, where he did well,
although the death of his father
had made him rich, and wealth
laid him open to temptations.

He next went to London, and
became very popular in high
social and intellectual circles;
and soon afterwards entered
Parliament, forming an insepar-
able friendship with a man who
was to become one of the greatest
statesmen England has produced.

Largely through this man's
support he was able to bring his
life's work to a triumphant con-
clusion. The two young men
spent much time together, and
when his friend became Prime
Minister, he, too, might have
held high office; but he chose
rather to champion the op-
pressed.

It was with the strong encour-
agement given by his friend that
the young philanthropist made
his great decision; and now
no name stands higher in
the glorious annals of a free
humanity.

He died at the age of 73, a
few days after the final crown
had been placed
upon his work
in the House
of Commons,
and he was
buried in West-
minster Abbey
with all the
honours of a public funeral. Here
is his portrait. Who was he?



Last Week's Name—Sir Thomas More

The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

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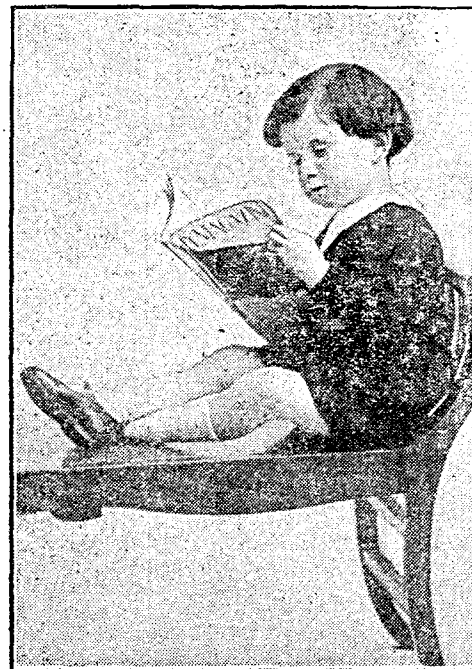
BABY AEROPLANE · FAMOUS HORSES HOME AGAIN · HOSPITAL FOR ANIMALS



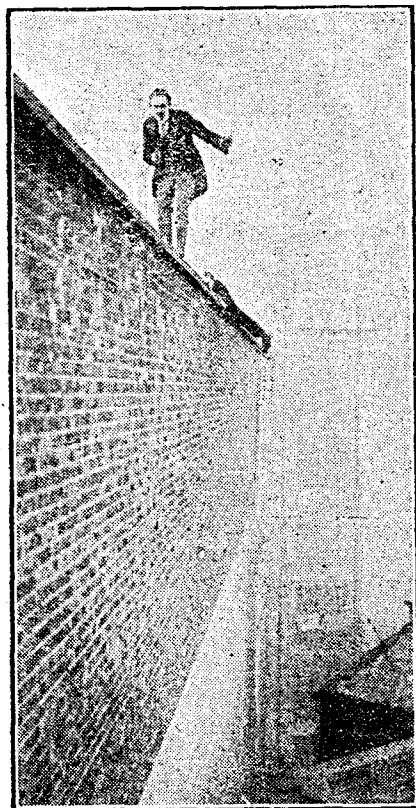
Beauty and the Beast—A little Christmas shopper buys her Christmas-box in anticipation



Taking home the Christmas dinner



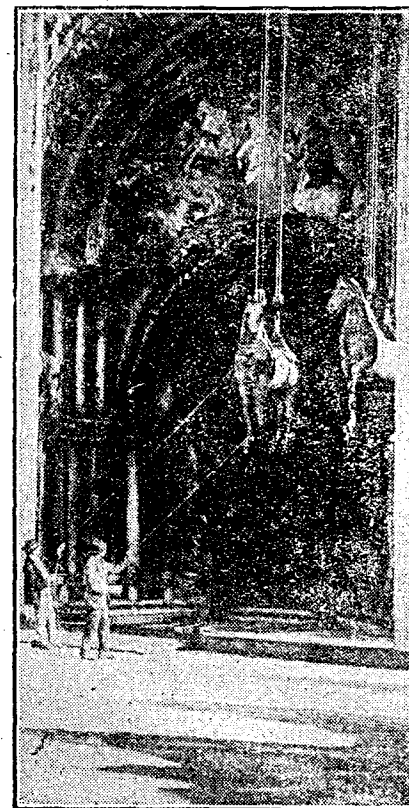
His Favourite Magazine—A little Australian reader having a good time



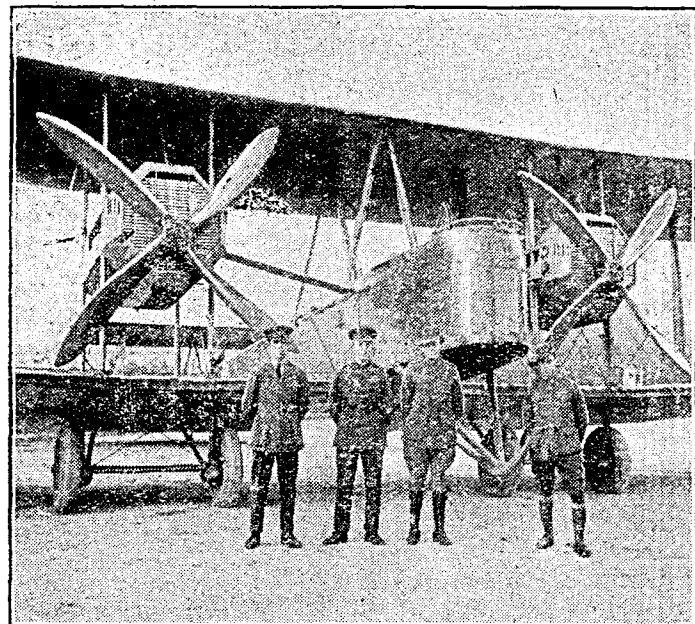
A thrilling scene in London—Actors risking their lives on the top of a tall building for an exciting new film



A baby aeroplane—The new Crow machine that will fly 65 miles an hour, will pack up small, and costs no more than a motor-cycle and side-car



The famous bronze horses of St. Mark's, in Venice, which were removed for safety, being restored. See page three



London to Australia—The Vickers Vimy machine that has flown half across the world, with its commander, Captain Ross Smith, and his companions. See page five



A free hospital for animals and birds—On the left a boy brings his sick dog to the new People's Dispensary for Sick Animals, just opened in East London. On the right a pet rabbit is being seen by the doctor

